



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

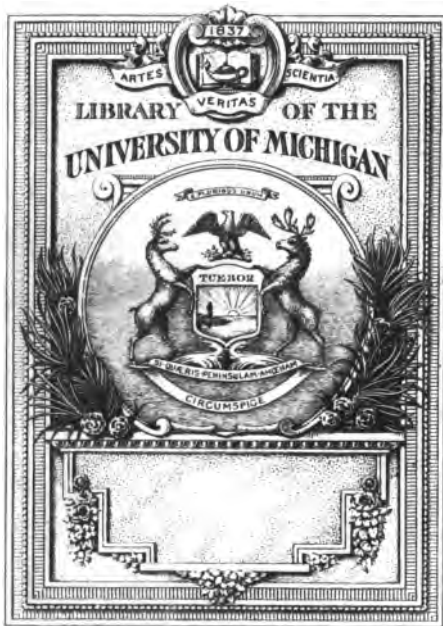
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



828
R1635n
1729



NIGHT:

A

POEM.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

—Thou also mad'st the NIGHT,
Maker Omnipotent.—

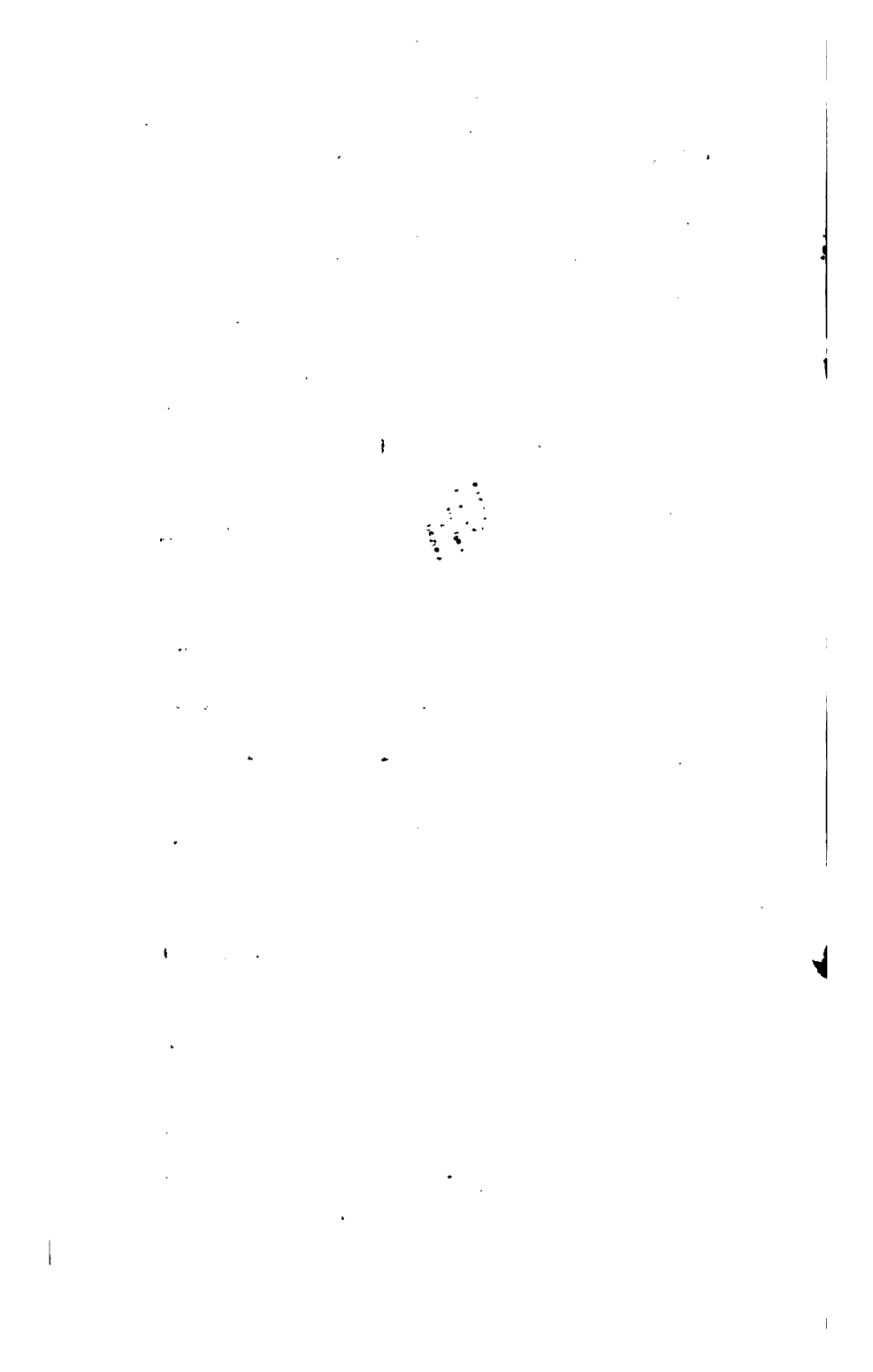
MILTON.

By *James* RALPH.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed by *C. Ackers*, for W. MEADOWS at the *Angel*
in *Cornhill* ; and S. BILLINGSLEY at the *Judge's-*
Head in *Chancery-Lane*. MDCCXXIX. [Pr. 1s. 6d.]





4-4-27 MS
 1-6-27
 1411

T O T H E

R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E

T H E

E A R L of *Chesterfield*.

My LORD,



H E rigid admirers of
sincerity and plain deal-
ing have so frequently
and so justly complain'd of poetical

A 2

D E-

DEDICATION.

DEDICATIONS, *that an author, who has any regard for his Patron's character or his own, must forbear to praise, lest the virtues of the one, and the honesty of the other, should be call'd in question; for which reason, my LORD, I must commit a violence on my own inclinations, and admire, in silence only, what deserves the most publick applause, as being calculated intirely for the publick good.*

BUT, tho' I am deny'd the satisfaction of doing all the justice in
my

DEDICATION.

my power to one of the most amiable Characters in life, I hope I may be allow'd, at least, to acknowledge my sincerest gratitude for the honour your LORDSHIP has done me, by receiving this Poem into your protection, with such uncommon goodness and condescension.

I am,

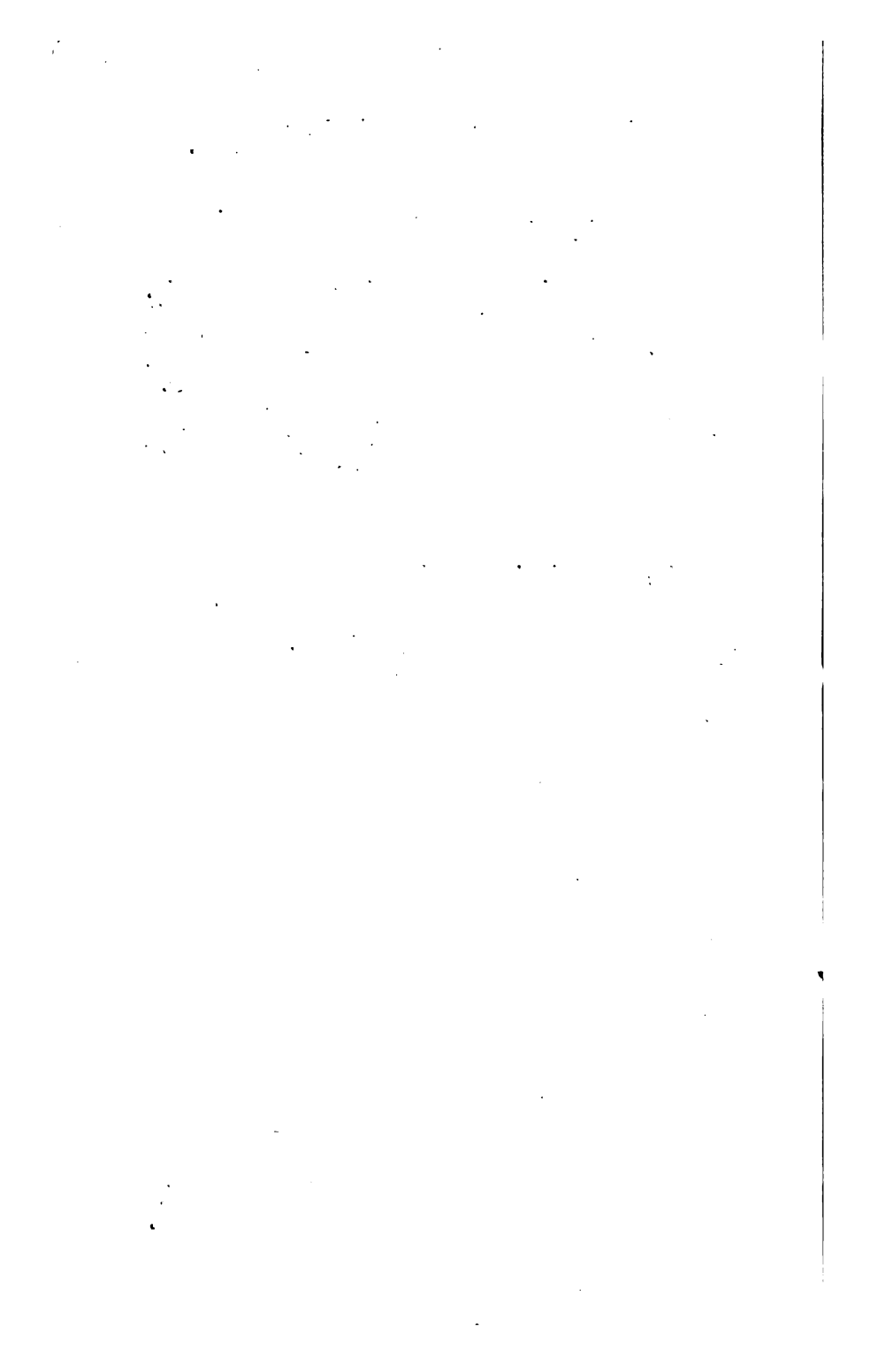
With the utmost Zeal and Respect,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's most Oblig'd,

And most Humble Servant,

James Ralph.





T H E
P R E F A C E.



INCE *Poetry*, in all the polite ages of the world, has employ'd some of the most distinguish'd persons, and will always be the entertainment of the more elegant part of mankind, I am persuaded that the ambition of excelling in so noble an art, and of being mention'd with such celebrated names, will never be condemn'd by any who are qualified to discover and admire its beauties, or have generosity,

ii The PREFACE.

nerosity, and good nature enough to encourage those who endeavour to oblige the world in that agreeable way: wherefore should an author, in any degree, merit so glorious a distinction, an apology will be unnecessary to these; and the opinion of the rest is of so little consequence as to deserve none.

POETRY is at once intended for our delight, and instruction; but a vicious fancy of amusing the world with trifles, in lieu of such subjects as are in themselves truly noble and sublime, has of late been too much indulg'd; for which reason, I hope, 'twill be equally needless, to make any excuse for my choice of so grave a subject, or use any persuasives to influence its success; especially if the dress it appears in should prove any way becoming its dignity, and 'tis consider'd with what applause Mr. THOMSON'S admirable poems were generally receiv'd by the favourers of learning and good sense; an undeniable argument that if the *Muse* is really the inspirer,

The PREFACE. iii

spirer, the world, even to a serious author, will not be wholly ungrateful !

I KNOW there is a kind of *mungril Criticks*, whose greatest pleasure is in triumphing over the frailties incident to all mankind: but as I flatter my self their number is inconsiderable, compar'd to the more candid readers, I shall address my self intirely to the last, who will charitably make an allowance for my faults, and rejoyce if they should be able to discover a beauty ; while the others with a malignant joy will torture every line in search of errors, and rack a dubious sentence to favour their own perverse inclinations: nevertheless, whoever will venture to publish his labours must be content with whatever treatment they receive ; since every reader has an indisputable right to speak his sentiments on either side, and 'tis to be suppos'd the writer who has the most merit may, however, depend on the most generous usage.

B

WHAT

iv The P R E F A C E.

WHAT I shall further add concerning the following Poem, will be no more than refers to the *verse*, in comparison with MILTON's, and the more common method of writing in *rhime*.

THAT inimitable author was the first who, in the *English* tongue, employ'd *blank verse* in *narrative* poems; and, notwithstanding his success was so prodigiously great, there have been but very few who have dared to follow his track.

MR. I. PHILIPS was the next, and in a strain but little inferiour, tho' the subject of his *Cider*, was infinite degrees short of the *Fall of Man*.

MR. WATTS has likewise, in the *Dacian Battel*, and several smaller pieces, perform'd extreamly well, and in every line deserves the character of an artist. Beside these, and Mr. THOMSON, I know no more who have written any thing of considerable

The PREFACE. v

considerable length to advantage in this way :
tho' Mr. DRYDEN long since affirmed,
That he who writ well in *rhime* might rise
to a greater excellence in *blank verse*.

BUT however easy *versifying* may seem,
when freed from the inconvenience of
rhime, there are a thousand difficulties to
be overcome, and a thousand roughnesses
softened, before the numbers will be toler-
ably musical, or please even an ordinary
ear: for, being used to a different turn,
we expect the *chime* at the close of every
couplet, and, unless the *verse* is very
smoothly finish'd, know not how to recon-
cile our selves to the want of it; tho',
by this harmonious echo, we are frequent-
ly cousten'd of that sense and energy of
thought, which ought to animate every
sentence, and, if the cadence is sweet,
seldom examine any further. — Beside, as
rhime has this enchanting faculty of con-
cealing the errors of the Poet, so the *omis-*
sion of it exposes his meaning in the
strongest light, betrays every meanness of
B 2 sense

vi The PREFACE.

sense and sound, and evinces the merit of the writer to the world at once. Nor are these the only advantages of *blank verse*, since it affords the largest room for variety of expression, strength of images, and beauty of metaphors; so that the author is, at the same time, oblig'd to be correct, and has sufficient opportunity of exerting all his vigour, without the disadvantage of contracting his designs, or sacrificing the grace, attitude, or boldness of his figures, for the sake of a trifling flower, or a gilded frame.

NEITHER can *blank verse* be truly thought less sonorous or musical, since, notwithstanding all the prejudice of custom, no *Critick* ever yet imagin'd that HOMER, VIRGIL, or MILTON, in this respect, would have received an additional beauty from *rhime*.—I would not here be understood as if I intirely condemn'd that method of writing; for my design is only to justify mine own, and to abate, if possible, the aversion abundance have conceived

The PREFACE. vii

ceived against *blank verse*, as wanting the harmonious beauties of *rhime*: and as there are undoubtedly, a great many of the polite world who choose to be entertain'd in that manner, as well as various writers whose inclinations are turned in its favour, both *blank verse* and *rhime* may be indulg'd in their turns, without any injury to either: nay the most obstinate admirers of *blank verse* must allow, from the works of DRYDEN, PRIOR, ADDISON, and POPE, that *rhime* is capable of very extraordinary beauties, as may be seen in the following admirable *Night-Piece*.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'er-casts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,

O'er

viii The PREFACE.

O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light. (a)

BUT even here I am afraid, a judicious eye will discern that the Poet (for the sake of *rhime*) has been unhappily led into some inconsistencies, which in *blank verse* might have been easily avoided; 'twas for this, as well as the reasons before mention'd, that I was inclin'd to prefer the last.

As to the imitation of MILTON, no one, I think, has ever done it with a good grace; there is a majestic musick in his numbers, and an unequall'd aptness in his expression, which, I am afraid, will never

(a) POPE'S *Homer*.

ba

The PREFACE. ix

be copied: those who have attempted it have run into the affectation of his antiquated words and phrases, rather than a lively and accurate method of designing and colouring like him.

EVEN Mr. PHILIPS himself, I believe, had succeeded better, if he had not paid so strict a deference to MILTON's manner, and thereby neglected his own.

THERE is yet another disadvantage in following that great man too close: for people will be naturally led to compare the copy with the original, and then the first will of necessity be condemn'd: for MILTON was peculiarly happy in the sublimest subject, and had the greatest stock of fancy and judgment to manage it; consequently, must for ever enjoy the highest honours, when they, who are only his servile imitators, and their works are buried in oblivion together.

'T WAS

x The PREFACE.

'T WAS from these considerations I was inclin'd to choose that *kind* of *blank verse*, which I thought would adorn my subject the most; how I have succeeded, is humbly submitted to the determination of the publick.

I WOULD not willingly extend this Preface to an indecent length; therefore shall only beg leave to observe, that there are too many readers who form their judgments of a poem according to the reputation of its author, or the character it receives from their darling acquaintance, and so praise or condemn it without examining one serious reason for either. But, certainly, this indolence or partiality is both injurious to our selves, and unjust to the author; injurious to our selves, because a blind devotion to any particular person's credit in the world, abridges that freedom of thought which is every sensible man's property, and vitiates the judgment by an absurd, and illgrounded admiration of every thing he publishes: unjust to the
author,

The PREFACE. xi

author, because no one can properly be suppos'd a *judge* who is not vers'd in the merits of the cause; wherefore, it must appear ridiculous or tyrannical to determine on either side, 'till the whole has been consider'd with the utmost candor and attention.

LET then the ensuing Poem be impartially read, and compar'd with *Nature* (which is its original) before 'tis declar'd unworthy of the *Muse*, and if it must afterwards receive such a sentence, I have nothing to appeal to, but shall submit myself intirely to the censure I deserve.



C

T O



T O

Mr. *R A L P H*.



WHILST others sink beneath op-
pressive *rhime*,
And hide enervate sense in equal
chime;

Thy *Muse* attempts a more unbounded *height*,
And breaks the shackles that retard her *flight*;
On easy pinions does sublimely rise,
And wings her passage thro' *her native skies*.

How strong thy sense! how smooth thy lines appear!
“*Thro’ ev’ry season of the circling year?*”

“*Grim*”

" *Grim darkness smiles*—and all its horrors fly,
" *When Night enchanted loiters in the sky;*"
She drives her char'ot with reluctant pace,
While vernal sweets refresh her dusky face.

THEN glowing heat inflames the "*sultry air,*"
And "*stifling vapours*" choak "*her gloomy car,*"
" *The hot effluvia*" scorch with fierce disease,
'Till gentle *Zephyr* wafts the cooling breeze.

We shrink with horror from the dreadful *Night,*
When *Etna* reddens with uncommon light!
Then bursting, drives its unrelenting course,
And flames, and ruins, with impetuous force;
Pleas'd we behold the huge destruction rage
In *lively colours* o'er the *nervous page,*
Yet bless the distance! nor explore the soil,
But hug the safety of our *native isle!*

WHEN stars unnumber'd "*croud the milky way,*"
And shining glories emulate the day,
"*When all the wide expansion flames with light,*"
You doubly gild the solemn brow of *Night!*

In thee we view majestick MILTON rise!
His sense, his fancy, and his art surprize!
Not so, the vain, affected, servile crew,
Who want his judgment, but his phrase pursue;
With antique words affront his *sacred shade,*
And crown with wither'd bays his *awful head:*
For still he lives — his Genius still survives,
And all the Poet in thy verse revives!

Tho. Beech.



O N

Mr. *Ralph's* NIGHT.



EFULGENT PHEBUS with diffu-
five rays,

To CYNTHIA gives the glory she
displays;

Her various *Phases*, and her argent light,
To chear the gloomy horrors of the *Night*.

So to this Bard, he freely do's impart
His fire poetick, fancy, wit, and art,
To sing, O fable *Night*! thy awful reign,
Thy venerable gloom, and solemn train!
From *Vesper's* rule, in radiant circlet drest,
'Till bright *Aurora* purples o'er the East ;

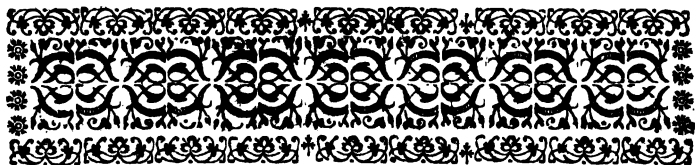
In

In all the seasons of the circl'ing year,
Lo! *Night's* still shades, and rev'rend sway appear!
Here woes, and deaths, the thoughtful soul surprize;
There joyous scenes in gay profusion rise!
Thro' the black veil, th' illumin'd *Genius* shines,
To grace her darksome brow with sparkling lines.

VERSE sure has pow'r beyond *Thessalian* charms!
His numbers ev'n the *Night's* cold Goddess warms;
She, of his ardent praise, will sure allow,
And RALPH shall be the lov'd ENDYMION now!

Melissa.

NIGHT;



N I G H T:

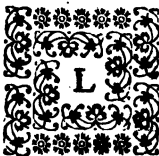
A

P O E M.



Book the First.



 O! fable night ascends the dusky air,
And spreads her deep'ning shadows
all around ;

Her silent influence stills the noisy world,
And wakes the studious soul to solemn thought.
Wrapp'd

Wrapp'd in thy shades, companion of thy gloom,
 O Goddess, waft me in thy cloudy wain
 To all the lonely limits of thy rule;
 While mortals dream the happy hours away,
 And slight the awful pleasures of thy reign;
 Wrapp'd in thy shades; What wonders will arise,
 And thro' the deepest gloom delight my soul!

O thou, whose secret haunt is far remov'd
 From all the restless, glaring scenes of day,
 Sweet Contemplation, daughter of the night!
 O deign thy favour to th' advent'rous *Muse*,
 And, on thy pow'rful pinions, safely guide
 Her daring progress thro' the darksome round;
 So shall my grateful songs resound thy praise,
 With dulcet musick, and attune the hours
 Of sleep, and silence, with melodious lays.

When,

When, from the steep of heav'n's etherial arch,
 The sun's red orb descending rolls the day,
 All-shadowing night, dun-rising o'er the east,
 Begins her silent course, and slowly drives
 Her gloomy car along the dark'ning skies;
 'Till, downward far beneath the earth's green verge,
 The last retreating beams of light are fled:
 Then, with a loosen'd rein, her rapid steeds
 In haste ascend, and all the landscape's lost
 At once beneath her wide-extended veil.
 Then half the mountains of the dreary globe,
 Involv'd with shades, and black-brow'd darkness,
 mourn,
 If pond'rous clouds hang heavy on her wheels:
 But if the northern blast has clear'd the air,
 And wastful tempests slumber on the deep,
 Bright *Vesper* leads her peaceful wain, and rolls
 His radiant circler down the starry vault;

Or, o'er the illumin'd earth, the friendly moon
 Extends her grateful rays, and shines the queen
 of heav'n.

Mean while revolving time, with restless toil,
 Thro' all the seasons turns the circling year,
 And varies ev'ry scene with gradual change.
 First youthful *Spring* begins the wond'rous round
 With all the Loves, and Graces in his train,
 And, rising glorious o'er the heav'nly blue,
 Brightens the day, and, from his dewy wings,
 Distills soft pleasures on the blooming world;
 Wakes the young flow'rs to cheer the gladfom green,
 And tunes the *Sylvan* choirs to songs of joy.
 Or, when still ev'ning o'er the sky returns,
 And, in their radiant orbs, the twinkling stars
 Prepare their circuits, and exert their rays,
 His kindly warmth exhales a thousand sweets,
 And

And wafts the blended odours thro' the air ;
 Charm'd with the spicy gale grim darkness smiles,
 And night enchanted loiters in the sky ;
 While brooding joys attend her sable throne,
 And add unnumber'd beauties to her reign.

But various woes pollute all earthly bliss,
 And rule the nations with alternate sway :
 Lo ! while the infant bloom adorns the tree,
 And early flowrets blossom in the meads,
 The north wind, blustering thro' the midnight gloom,
 The cold remains of winter drives along ;
 Down from the wastful cloud big hail descends,
 And flings the flow'ry burthen of the fields :
 The toiling Peasant, as the morning dawns,
 Eyes pensive all the languid scene, and mourns
 The wide destruction of the wint'ry show'r,

Or, when the sun, all pale thro' wat'ry clouds,
 Descends, and faintly marks the length'ning shade,
 Laden with deadly blights the eastern breeze
 Moves slowly thro' the sky, and spreads its bane
 Resistless o'er the vegetable world;
 The buds, just opening, wither in their prime,
 The drooping blossoms shed their faded leaves,
 And sickly flow'rs, bent down before the blast,
 Relinquish at once their odours, and their bloom:
 The fruits, yet immature, drop from the stem,
 And with abortive plenty strew the ground;
 Or black'ning hang amid the blasted boughs,
 As baleful trophies of the tainting gale.

At last, propitious *Zephyr* waves his wings,
 And all the fragrance of the spring renews,
 As nearer suns returning shed their beams,

And

And drive far off the winter's rage away :
 Then night arises big with vernal joys,
 And veils the welkin with a grateful shade :
 The roseat dews, in thickest show'rs, unfelt
 Refreshing fall, and, where the horned moon,
 Slant o'er the green, low-circling, streams her light,
 Impearl the flow'rs, and gleam from ev'ry leaf ;
 While wakeful *Philomela* pensive sings
 Her soul-enchanting strains, and lonely cheers
 The darksome shadows with melodious lays.

Then, long disturb'd with roaring restless storms,
 The ocean-waves in gentle murmurs roll,
 And *Halcyon*, brooding on the peaceful deeps,
 Rebuilds her floating nest and hails the blissful change ;
 Unwonted verdure greens the rocky strand,
 And, on its threatening brow, stern horror frowns
 no more :

Glad

Glad *Amphitrite*, rising from her cave,
 Resumes her chariot, and aloft, sublime,
 In triumph rides along the subject seas,
 And breathes the odour of the balmy gale;
 Her finny courfers shake their flowing mains,
 And neigh exulting o'er the froathy brine;
 Around the *Nymphs*, and *Tritons* tune their shells,
 And all the sea-beat shores resound their joys:
 Again the *Seamen* hoist their willing sails,
 And court the favour of th' indulgent breeze;
 Light o'er the waves the gladfom vessel steers,
 And ev'ry eye with kindling rapture views,
 Earth, seas, and air at once serenely smile.

Mean time, inflam'd with love, the *Virgin* roams
 Thro' the dead silence of the ev'ning's gloom,
 And treads the mazes of the winding grove
 To find the lovely youth her soul adores:

Now,

Now, breathless, panting with her native fears,
 She longs, and sickens for his lov'd approach;
 Now dreadless roves anew, and, whisp'ring soft,
 Invokes a thousand blessings on his name:
 At last he comes, and in a burst of joy
 The happy lovers join their long embrace:
 While rising transports warm each throbbing heart,
 And with a flood of pleasure rush thro' ev'ry vein:
 Then, where embow'ring shades, ascending high,
 With dewy woodbines knit their leafy boughs,
 And nature wantons in abundant sweets,
 They sit entranc'd beneath, and look, and sigh,
 And murmur all the passion of their souls.
 So, in the rage of mutual pleasures lost,
 Their sprightly thoughts with gladfom prospects
 teem:

Thro' the dim shade aerial musick sounds,
 And midnight *Fairies*, o'er the lightfom green,

In

In mazy circles seem to dance along,
 'Till, from the gath'ring show'r, they vanish all away.

For, now wide-hov'ring thro' the misty air,
 Dark clouds ascend, and roll, and blacken all around.
 Down pour the rains redundant o'er the glebe,
 And soak, and freshen all the thirsty fields;
 The drooping herds forsake the smoaking heath,
 And seek the sheltering wood; and mortals bless
 The grateful show'r, which, beating on the roof
 With sleepy murmur lulls their drowzy souls.
 At length the morning light illustrious dawns,
 Sweetly acclaim'd with charm of earliest birds,
 And throws a glory o'er the fragrant earth.

Thus where soft *Peace* its downy influence sheds,
 When nature blooms, and all the world is gay;
 Untainted pleasure in the darkness broods,

And

And lifts the soul to joy; but, where dread *Mars*
 His bloody banner o'er a nation waves,
 In vain fresh flowrets spring, and verdure crowns
 the woods:

Contending armies hide the flow'ry field,
 And flaming forests in their verdure burn:
 Wide-wasting slaughter rages all the day,
 And crimsons deep the plains; and, when black night
 With rising terror darkens o'er the world,
 The clash of arms, and all the din of war,
 In dreadful circles thro' the air resound.
 The wretched parent, all aghast, deplores
 His ravish'd daughters, and his murder'd sons,
 And, on the noxious earth, with sleepless eyes
 Weeps the sad hours, furcharg'd with woe, away;
 While *Defolation* saddens ev'ry scene,
 And *Horror* stalks tremendous o'er the waste.

The *Sons of Rapine*, bent on mischief, roam
 The bloody field, and, striding o'er the dead,
 Seize all the rich habiliments of war;
 And if, yet warm with inward life, there breathes
 Some hapless wretch among the heaps of slain,
 The cruel sword, fatigu'd with death, expels
 His suppliant soul, while, thro' the midnight air,
 Long-sounding groans of injur'd ghosts are heard,
 And dying murmurs mingle with the winds.

So, where the barb'rous *Russians* scout the woods,
 And hunt the frightened beasts in droves along,
 Huge numbers fall, and yield their costly furs
 An easy prey: the mangled carnage lies
 A burthen to the earth, and hung'ry wolves,
 Attending nightly on the slaught'ring tribe,

Yell hideous o'er the deathful scene, and fill
 With shudd'ring horror all the neighb'ring lands.

O bear me far, my guardian angel, hence
 From hostile nations, and from scenes of blood,
 To those obscure, and solitary shades,
 Which bold *Columbus* first explor'd; there, lost
 In peace and silence, my contented soul
 May slumber life away remote from war;
 Nor hear the crush when mighty empires fall,
 And shake with pond'rous ruins half the world.
 —There *Nature* pours, with lavish'd hand, her sweets,
 And in profusion ev'ry blessing gives.
 When lively spring returns, fresh verdure greens
 The thick'ning forests, and renews the shades:
 Wide, o'er the dusky lands, they wave aloft,
 And dance, and murmur to the wanton gale;

Which, fum'd with odours, (from the chearful
bloom

Of teeming trees in purple blossoms gay)

Wafts up a fragrant vapour to the stars:

Beneath, with scented herbs, and opening flow'rs
The earth embalm'd, while down the neighb'ring
hills,

Soft murm'ring, roll a thousand gentle streams,

And lull the thoughtless savage to repose:

Charm'd with the various joy soft *Sleep* descends,

And dewy slumbers on his eyelid sheds ;

The silent god sinks easy on his breast,

And folds his drowzy limbs in midnight down.

But can the murmurs of descending floods,
And mingled fragrance of the blooming earth
Or secret shades, and solitude relieve
The inborn sorrows, and perplexing cares

Which

Which torture deep the miserable soul?
 Alas! in vain he courts the spicy gale,
 The floating musick, or the lonely shade;
 No pause of grief attends the rapt'rous scene,
 But down he sinks oppress'd with cureless woe:
 — Black *melancholy* glooms his mournful thought,
 And gives a dreadful horror to the night:
 All sad she rises o'er the pensive fields,
 And with her dusky wing embrowns the dark'ning
 green;

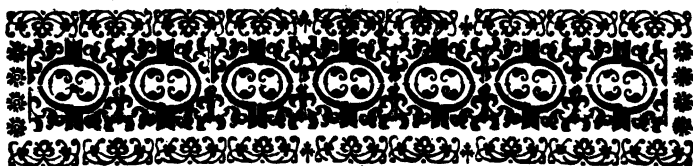
Where e'er she turns, contagion flies along,
 And fades the honours of the blooming tree;
 Infects the odours of the springing flow'rs,
 And veils the beauty of their filken leaves:
 Now plaintive down the headlong wave she glides,
 And wakes lone echoe with the sadd'ning sound;
 Now on the sighing breeze sublimely rides,
 And murmurs solemn in the waving boughs:

Ascending

Ascending thence the *Stygian* vapour shades
The twinkling glories of the heav'nly vault,
And all the planets of malignant rule,
Gleam on the midnight earth their baleful rays.



NIGHT:



N I G H T:
A
P O E M.

Book the Second.

WHEN thus the *Spring* has introduc'd
the year,
And blest'd with various beauties half
the globe,
The sun, exalted to the midmost sky,

Flamea

Flames on his rear, and burns his filken wings :
 So, panting in the heat, he flies away,
 And fult'ry *Summer* rules the lazy air.

Then, faint with labour in the mid-day beam,
 The sweaty Peasant to the shade retires,
 And, wishing down the sun, implores that night
 Would throw her shadows o'er the scorching world ;
 Or invokes aloud the flagging gales
 To mitigate the glowing heat : in vain !
 The flagging gales deny their freshning aid,
 And tardy day yet lingers in the sky,
 While frantick herds bound o'er the dusty plain,
 And wade delighted down the cooling wave.
 — 'Tis then the fervour of the blazing sun
 Exhales the moisture of the thirsty earth :
 Then the brown herbage withers in the fields,
 And various rifts divide the parching meads ;
Scorch'd

Scorch'd on the stem the languid roses fade,
 And all the drooping forests hang their leaves;
 'Till from the skies his burning orb descends:
 When, soft-distilling thro' the ev'ning air,
 The pearly dew-drops fall, and cheer the flow'rs,
 And all the verdure of the earth revives.

So, when, long wand'ring o'er th' *Arabian* sands,
 The gasping pilgrims search with fruitless toil
 For limpid streams along the dreary waste;
 Intestine drought, like darted light'ning, flies
 Thro' ev'ry vein, and scorches all within;
 'Till, at the bubbling springs at last arriv'd,
 With frequent draughts they cool their raging heat,
 And feel new vigour strength'ning ev'ry limb.

Now darkness o'er the æthereal concave reigns;
 And drives the twilight's dusky gleam away;

F

While,

While, dim, the sapphire moon, full orb'd, ascends,
 And wheels her chariot thro' the misty air,
 'Till near her noon, she rides illustrious on,
 And all unclouded shines: the lightfom earth,
 Illumin'd with her beams, in secret smiles,
 And ev'ry mountain sheds a glory down;
 The waving woods nod shadowy o'er the green,
 And chrystal streams reflect her silver rays.

Goddeſs of ſhades! ſoft regent of the night,
 Whoſe friendly circuit weary wand'ers bleſs!
 Queen of the wat'ry world! fair planet, tell
 What happy tribes enjoy your argent fields?
 Find *Virtue's* ſons their wiſh'd *Elyſium* there,
 And wander gladſom thro' your radiant walks?
 Dwell infant ſouls, juſt wing'd for human life,
 Among your od'rous ſhades, and thence deſcend,
 Thro' night's dark gloom, to breath inclement air,
 Mindleſs

Mindless of native joys, now their's no more?
 Or, do our guardian angels ease their wings,
 When freed from us, on your delightful plains,
 And in the purer dews purge off the gloom,
 And black'ning tincture of our earthly globe?
 Or, crown'd with ever blooming roses, strike
 The golden lyre, and warble heav'nly strains?
 Or, rais'd sublime, bestride your purple clouds,
 And sail serenely thro' the realms of light?
 For sure a nobler race must there reside,
 With guilt untainted, like the sons of heav'n,
 To reap the blessings of your happy orb.

Now silence reigns, and all the fervent air
 Glows with the season's warmth: no cooling gale
 Its airy pinions wide refreshing waves;
 But stifling vapours thicken in the sky,
 And hang with saffron mists the dusky glebe.

The forests found no more ; the branches rest ;
 And flowing smooth rolls down the even flood :
 While, o'er the earth's green verge, pale light'nings
 stream,
 And flash their length'ning radiance to the stars.

At last soft-whisp'ring *Zephyr* shakes his wings,
 And sheds ambrosial odours o'er the world :
 Then bow the woods before his balmy breath,
 And, gently rising, dance the azure waves ;
 While, tir'd with daily toils, and longsom hours,
 The weary lab'ror lies in downy slumbers lost ;
 And all the *Sylvan* choirs, their lays forgot,
 In silence sleep among the pendent boughs.

Mean time the frolick *Virgins* haste along
 Thro' lonely shades, and unfrequented fields,
 To bath their naked beauties in the stream :

In

In loose array they wander on the brink,
 And stop and listen to the trembling leaves,
 Afraid some bold intruder lurks beneath :
 Then shiv'ring touch the margin of the flood
 With tim'rous foot, and sound the shallow ford ;
 'Till, sportive grown, they beat the buxom waves,
 And drive continual circles to the shore.

At length, wide-floating on the midnight breeze,
 They hear soft musick tune the vocal air,
 And sounds of mirth each melting strain succeed.
 Frighted! amaz'd! they hurry to the land,
 And glide immediate thro' the darksome shade :
 From far the joyous concert fills the gloom,
 But dies at last in less'ning notes away ;
 As down the murm'ring tide the mirthful bark
 Floats gently, and transporting pleasure broods
 On the wide surface of the wat'ry plain.

Now.

Now, while the moon in her meridian rides,
 And streams her brightest glories o'er the earth,
 Let me beneath embow'ring shadows lye,
 Where eglantines, and starry jess'mines waft
 Their mingled fragrance; where sweet lillies bloom,
 And blushing roses all their odours shed :
 There, silent as the night, my studious soul
 Shall scorn the earth, and wing her thoughts to
 heav'n;
 Shall, with unwearied flight, high soaring trace
 The shining path, which flighted *Virtue* takes,
 To the bright mansions of eternal joy.
 —Lo! the pure azure parts, and from the skies,
 In streams of light, an heav'nly form descends,
 And leans illustrious on the purple cloud.
 'Tis she! meek *Patience*, by whose potent lore
 The noble soul in all its sorrow smiles :

—I feel her influence easing ev'ry care,
And ev'ry passion soothing into peace.
So rais'd superior to the earth's dark globe,
Its pleasures charm no more, and all its pains are
lost.

Arise, my friend, my dearest *Nisus*, rise;
And, while the world's a solitude, and night
Hangs her dark mantle o'er the shaded skies,
Come, let us roam along the moon-light fields,
And, in soft converse, spend the silent hours.
What a still coolness freshens in the wind!
How sweet the vales! how beautiful the hills!
How deep the murmurs! and how bright the
stream!

O happy land! where *Peace* for ever dwells,
And freedom roves among the chearful tribes;
Where

Where nature riots in luxuriant joys,
 And ev'ry cloud drops down mellifluous dews ;
 Where rosy health sweetens the wholesome air,
 And drives the taint of pestilence away ;
 While *Græcia*, (once *Minerva's* darling seat,
 From whence the *Goddeſs* civiliz'd the world)
 By frequent plagues depopulated, mourns
 Her vacant cities, and deserted plains.

—Drove from the *Southern* climes, and big with
 fate,

They load the murmur'ing gale, and dim the day
 With mortal vapours, and infectious blasts.
 Dark night succeeds involv'd with deadly mists,
 And swell'd with venom baneful dews descend ;
 The grazing heifer sickens on the green,
 And, in a length of lamentable groans, expires ;
 While, round the gasping father, mourn the sons,
 Struck with the dire disease they sudden fall,

And

And, in the rage of agonizing tortures, dye.
 Thus *Death* prevails, and, glorying in the waste,
 Shakes from on high his formidable dart,
 And stalks gigantick o'er the dreary realms :
 Trembling the earth beneath his footstep groans,
 And all its mountains shake: the gluttred grave
 No longer opens her destructive jaws,
 But, choak'd with heaps of dead, can hold no more.
 So on the blasted heath whole tribes are hurl'd,
 And rot, and moulder in the tainted wind.

'Midst all the glories of the *Orient* climes,
 With rig'rous hand oppressive flav'ry reigns,
 And claims the reverence of an earthly god.
 High on a pompous throne, with glitt'ring gems
 Emblaz'd, the lordly *Tyrant* sits sublime,
 Array'd in purple, and adorn'd with gold,
 And awes the nations with majestick frown:

G

In

In crouds they tremble at his dreadful nod,
 And prostrate in the dust adoring fall:
 When — hark! their idol thunders from above,
 And hecatombs of human victims bleed,
 To glut his vengeance and atone his rage.

In *Africk's* wide, inhospitable lands,
 Beneath the torrid *Zone*, what burning furs
 In flame the earth, and scorch the sultry air!
 What latent deaths, *Medusa's* direful brood,
 Lurk in the desert plains, and shoot their stings,
 And kill with tortures not to be describ'd!
 If from the ocean cooling gales arise,
 When shadowy night comes on, and gently clear
 The hot *Effluvia* from the glowing sky;
 E'er half her course is finish'd o'er the world,
 Th' Almighty bows the heav'ns, and from on high
 Descends; collects the stormy *Southern* gales,
 And

And spreads a gloom of clouds from pole to pole;
 Amid the deepest darkness rides along
 Upon the tempest's wing, and, in a burst
 Of vollied thunder, thro' the vast immense,
 Loudly proclaims Omnipotence abroad :
 Dreadfully great appears th' indignant *God*,
 With warring elements encompass'd round ;
 Commanding forth the *Demons* of the night
 To pour his anger o'er the sinful globe ;
 Arming his red right-hand with vengful bolts,
 And hurling ruin thro' the fearful void :
 Then flame the woods, then smoak the mountain
 tops,

And earth affrighted to the centre shakes ;
 The guilty nations tremble at the roar,
 And in deep caverns shun the deathful blaze :
 The lordly lion, howling thro' the dark,
 In terror flies from his untasted prey,

And all the monsters of the sandy waste
Yell in the storm, and hasten to their dens.

Far, far from hence, amidst th' *Atlantick* waves,
A length of islands stretch their rocky shores,
And check the fury of the raging surge;
Where golden fruitage bends the fragrant boughs,
And od'rous blossoms waft eternal sweets;
Where blooms the citron, and the fruitful pine
It's honey-tasted apples plenteous yields;
Where luscious harvests cheer the planter's toil,
And various spices scent the gladfom gale.

There, when the flaming sun has fir'd the air,
And evening glows with unabated warmth,
Calm, on the deep, the ocean breezes rest,
And thro' the welkin scatter joys no more :
Dim vapours rising choak the starry heav'ns,
And

And all the brute creation scarcely breath :
 Then luckless men, inflam'd with parching thirst,
 And the dire fervour of the flagrant heat,
 On the damp ground incumbent seek for ease,
 And drain the brimming bowls with frequent
 draughts ;

Whence steaming fumes the giddy brain disturb,
 And heavy slumbers weigh their eyelids down.
 Mean time the dew, furcharg'd with fate, descends,
 And spreads a deathful cold thro' ev'ry limb ;
 The heart alarm'd beats thick, and each faint pulse,
 Uncertain trembling, flutters, and expires :
 At last the fleeting soul reluctant leaves
 The stiff'ning corse, and wonders at her change ;
 While, with the dawning day, their mourning friends
 Lament the careless hour, too negligent of life.

Nor

Nor these alone betray'd by fatal joys
 Anticipate their end ; but where like heats
 Beneath the burning *Line* perpetual reign,
 The panting *Seamen*, thoughtless of their fate,
 Trust the smooth surface of the flatt'ring main,
 And swim with transport o'er its smiling face ;
 While, left at large, with all her sails unfurl'd,
 Th' abandon'd vessel unregarded floats :
 When lo ! fresh blasts arising swell the waves,
 And briskly drive the hoary surge along :
 Swift flies the bark before the wanton breeze,
 And marks, with bubbling froth, her wat'ry road :
 Struck, at the dismal sight, with wild amaze,
 The careless *Wanderers* struggle in the deeps,
 And vainly toil to reach her friendly side ;
 'Till, tir'd, and fainting with the long fatigue,

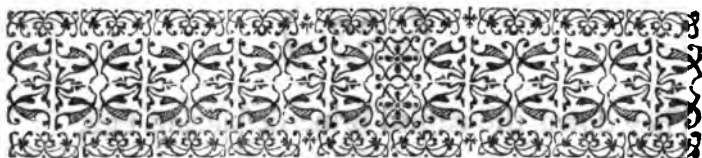
They

They down the ruffled brine despairing sink,
And in the sad reflection of their folly die.

But see! the morning star leads on the day,
And golden clouds adorn the radiant *East*.
Far from the light, and man's deceitful race,
My friend retire, since thy sincerer soul
Can ne'er descend to varnish o'er their crimes,
Or stain thy spotless life with fashionable guilt.



NIGHT:




N I G H T:
A
P O E M.



Book the Third.



OW the fierce *Dog-star*, flaming from
the *South*,
Rolls off his fultry rays, and frees
the air
From raging fevers, and unwholesom heat.

Autumn

Autumn ascends the sky, and weighs the year
 In even scale: *Plenty* attends her car,
 And empties all her blessings on the earth;
 While equal days, and nights, advancing mild,
 Wave their light pinions o'er the world by turns.

High, on a verd'rous hill, the blissful haunt
 Of gladfom *Satyrs*, and of woodland *Nymphs*,
 A ruin'd castle stands, great *Chaucer's* feat!
 Where, ages since, the venerable bard
 Rehears'd his songs, and charm'd th' attentive
 woods ;

Where all the *Muses*, at his pow'rful call,
 Descended frequent on the midnight green,
 And with melodious musick chear'd the shades,
 — But home-bred war in after-times disturb'd
 The frighted mansion, and beneath its walls
 Whole armies rush'd to battle on the plain,

H

And

And dy'd the neighb'ring streams with kindred
blood ;

On the strong ramparts loud destruction roar'd
With ceaseless fury ; whence the goodly frame
Disjointed fell in dust, and smoak obscur'd,
And but one tow'r of all the pile remains.

— Yet still, when night involves the sable skies,
The builder's awful *Ghost* descends, and sings
Enchanting numbers on the ruin'd base ;
While lonely echo, in her nightly cell
Rejoycing, doubles the celestial strain ;
And the faint *Trav'ler*, list'ning from afar,
Forgets his woes, and gives his soul to joy :
All nature's charm'd, and silence broods around.

When day declines, fond of the *Muses* haunt,
And tir'd with all the various cares of life,

I tread the rising green; and, while the sun,
 Red, from the western skies, projects his rays,
 Survey delighted all the vales below;
 Where golden *Ceres* waves the bearded grain,
 And lab'ring *Peasants* cut the harvest down;
 Where, as still evening shadows o'er the heav'ns,
 And night's dark wing embrowns the russet field,
 The tinkling teams draw home the grateful load,
 And jocund *Swains* furrounding blithly chaunt
 Their rustick songs, and sound their mirth aloud;
 While pearly dew descending damp the ground,
 And hang with liquid gems the trembling leaves.

Pleas'd with the prospect of a publick good,
 Soft raptures swell my soul, nor *Envy's* sting
 Can give me torture for a moment's space :
 Tho' all, but I, with secret joy behold
 The gather'd harvest, and the gain their own.

Give me, indulgent *Fortune*, give me health,
A blest retirement in a small estate,
And let my *Nisus* cheer the fleeting hours,
'Tis all I ask, 'tis all my soul can want.

Hail native land! thus favour'd from above
With ev'ry blessing human kind can know;
Where fruitful harvests ripen ev'ry year,
And sunny fruits bend down the parent tree :
Where, undisturb'd with war's destructive rage,
The smiling *Farmer* heaps th' *Autumnal* wealth,
And eyes, with rapt'rous thought, the plenteous store,
Secure from rapine, and the waste of arms,
And all the proud demands of arbitrary rule.

Again the night rides thro' the dusky air,
And all the business of the day is done :

The

The reeking ox, and panting steeds releas'd
 From labour, take their due repose ; till morn
 Ascends irradiate, and renews their toil.

Mean time the chearful *Rusticks* fill the bowl,
 And quaff a short oblivion of their cares :
 The merry bagpipe sounds a mirthful tune,
 And all the tribe, in awkward dancing join'd,
 With jocund heel, fast thump the hollow ground.
 At length the rural banquet crowns the board,
 The musick ceases, and the dances end ;
 The friendly band surround the social meal,
 And take a sweet repaste ; then drowzy part,
 And in soft slumbers waste the careless hours.

Nor *Albion's* fertile glebe can only boast
 An o'er-abounding crop of golden grain ;
 For, round huge *Etna's* ever-burning height,

Returning

Returning harvests burthen all the plains,
 And wave luxuriant to the buxom gale,
 But haply there, while midnight glooms the world,
 And ev'ry weary soul is lost in sleep,
 Loud, inbred thunder thro' the mountain rolls,
 And to the centre all the *Island* shakes;
 Sulphureous flames involv'd with cloudy smoke,
 Ascending furious, redden o'er the skies,
 And cast a horrid splendour on the deep:
 Rouz'd with the dreadful sound, the nations start
 From thoughtless slumbers, and aghast survey
 The rising horrors of the flaming hill;
 When lo! wide-bursting from the gulph above,
 A fiery deluge, charg'd with molten rocks,
 Descends amain, and, with an hideous roar
 Swift rolling, drives a thousand woes along;
 A thousand torrents rush resistless down,
 And root the forests from the blasted earth;

The

The ripen'd harvest crackles in the blaze,
 And all the ruin'd towns, in floods of fire,
 Rent from their deep foundations burn: at last,
 Collected in a mighty stream, it falls
 With headlong fury down the rocky shore,
 And flames, and hisses in the deeps below;
 The waters boil, and all the frightened waves
 In foaming circles hurry o'er the main:
 Huge clouds of smoak in dusky wreaths ascend,
 And roll their black'ning volumes to the stars;
 While ghastly *Peasants*, spoil'd of all their wealth,
 From far lament the miserable waste.

So when, descending from the wrathful skies,
 The rage of heav'n in fiery tempests fell,
 And *Sodom* sunk beneath the vengful blaze,
 The *Patriarch*, early as the morning light,

Beheld

Beheld the horrors of the deathful scene,
And mourn'd the dire effects of unrepented guilt.

Now fable midnight shades the peaceful globe,
And, o'er the spacious skies, the vivid stars
Serenely shoot their rays; the dying gale
Pants in the with'ring trees, and down the fruit
Falls ripen'd to the ground : the sleepy rills
Roll easy o'er the sands their silver waves,
And murmur now no more : silence ascends
With downy pinions thro' the drouzy air,
And on the ocean's brim hang all the lazy clouds.
— Wide, o'er th' illumin'd *North*, pale splendours
rise

In fiery columns streaming to the stars,
And flash, and wave o'er all the aetherial blue;
The lightfom earth, again unveils her charms,
As when the moon's increasing orb ascends,

And

And looks enliven'd in the tranſient dawn ;
 The level waters, brighten'd, from afar
 Reflect the glories of the ſhining vault,
 And grace the landscape with their borrow'd rays :
 While the lone *Wizard*, in his ſecret cell,
 Divines the blaze portentous to the world,
 And ſhakes, with horror, at the harmleſs flame.

Now, from his dark abode, the *God* of dreams,
 Fantaſtick *Morpheus* ! with his various train
 Of empty joys, and airy woes aſcends,
 And roams, at pleaſure, o'er the ſilent world :
 Here lurks beneath th' embroider'd *Tyrian* bed
 In treaſon's form, and frights the *Monarch's* ſoul ;
 Or, circled round with dreadful faces, ſtorms
 The trembling gate, and drives th' attendant deaths,
 In vollied thunder, on the ſleeping guard.
 — There, far from courts, amidſt the humble tribes,

Of lowly mortals sunk in deep repose,
 He paints illusive scenes of fancied joy,
 And gives a loose of pleasure to the sportive brain.
 The dying *Lover* dreams of golden hopes,
 And strains his *Charmer* in a vain embrace.
 The friendless *Wretch* beholds, with ravis'd eyes,
 The grateful prospect of imagin'd wealth ;
 And the poor *Slave* that's wedded to his oar,
 Wanders at large thro' all the realms of bliss.

O thou, the only friend the luckless know,
 Propitious *God* of visionary minds!
 O let thy kindly influence bless my nights,
 And with the happiest dreams delight my slumb'ring
 hours.

For, while the fleeting phantoms breath their charms,
 All fullen sorrows quit their gloomy reign,
 And swelling raptures gladden ev'ry thought :

Then,

Then, with a speedy wing, we swiftly soar,
 From pole, to pole, and traverse ev'ry clime;
 In ev'ry clime the varying prospects changē,
 And all the wonders of the gladſom globe;
 In gay ſucceſſion, hear the wand'ring ſoul.

Sometimes the guardian pow'rs of *Virtue's* ſons,
 Array'd in all the glories of the ſky,
 Deſcend indulgent to their earthly charge,
 And drive the horrors of the night away;
 Tune, to immortal ſongs, their golden lyres,
 And ſooth the woes of life with heav'n's eternal joys.

Mean time, ſlow-rolling o'er the wat'ry meads,
 The gathering miſt extends its noxious damp,
 And dims the welkin with a blewish ſhade;
 Then vagrant fires, from the moiſt earth exhal'd,
 Faint glimmering ſhoot a far-deceiving light,

On which attendant *Demons* nightly wait,
 And smile at mischief in the dancing blaze :
 For, gently wafted o'er the wond'ring green,
 The tempting vapours smoothly glide along,
 And, with uncertain glimpse, the *Wand'rer* lead
 Thro' pathless fields, and thorny brakes astray :
 While, sore fatigu'd, he groans beneath the toil,
 And, sporting with his pain, the wily fiend
 Glares thro' the lambent flame, and daunts his
 frighted soul.

—But hark! the stormy *South* begins to blow,
 And sweeps tempestuous o'er the sounding grove :
 The branches bend, and all the shaken leaves
 Thick-show'ring fall, and shade the dimply stream :
 Down from wat'ry clouds the rains descend,
 And beat, and murmur to the hollow blast :
 Deep darkness glooms the sky, and half the globe,
 Involv'd with night, and horror, mourns below.

At

At length the tempest, gath'ring all its force,
Bursts from on high with a tremendous roar,
And, raving dreadful o'er the frightened world,
An huge, wide-wasting ruin spreads around :
Torn in the whirl, and twisted from its root,
The knotted oak is hurried thro' the air ;
And, downwards hurl'd with a resistless strength,
The pond'rous buildings fall ; trembles the earth
Beneath the horrid shock ; and hills, and dales,
From far resounding, echo to the noise.

The ocean, rouz'd, and whiten'd o'er with foam,
Its wrathful billows furious rolls along,
And, loud as thunder bursting from the clouds,
Beats on the rugged shore with ceaseless rage,
And boils, and sparkles in the broken wave.

Now,

Now, all forlorn, the hapless *Seamen* wail
 Their wayward fate; the boist'rous tempest tears
 Their useless sails, breaks down the stubborn mast,
 And wakens all the horrors of the deep.
 Long tortur'd with the raging pangs of thirst,
 And all the woes of life-consuming want,
 They reel, and stagger in the blust'ring gale;
 Or, tumbling headlong, dash the frothy brine,
 And spread abroad their suppliant hands in vain:
 The starving few, which yet remain alive,
 With hunger fainting, and fatigu'd with toil,
 All hopeless, heartless with surrounding woes,
 Relinquish the vessel to the waves, and winds,
 And wait the fury of the wasteful storm.

Mean time no prospect dawns of future joy,
 But dire *Despair* presents a dismal scene

Of

Of endless wants, accumulated woes.
 All dark the rises on their passive souls,
 And throws a mournful sadness o'er the night,
 Loudens the roar of ev'ry bursting wave,
 And aggravates the rage of ev'ry blast ;
 Deepens the gloom that rolls all black above,
 And whitens the indignant foam below ;
 Draws the rock nearer to the wilder'd glance,
 And doubles ev'ry woe : within she calls
 Pale *Famine* to her aid, unveils her form,
 Her meagre look, her ghastly eye, and all
 The various plagues she sternly deals around :
 Struck with the dreadful view they gaze in vain
 For land ; in vain their melancholy thoughts
 Return on pleasures, now no more ; the joys
 Of ripen'd harvest, *Gallia's* purple grape
 Bursting with fragrant juice, the chrysal fount,
 The pleasurable meal, and a long gladfom scene

Of

Of bliss for ever lost: at last grim *Death*
Lays bare the lurking cliff, and underneath
The swelling billows buries all their woes;
While day-light, slowly breaking thro' the gloom,
Purples the clouds, and dawns upon the deep.











NIGHT:



N I G H T:
A
P O E M.

Book the Fourth.

   O W, stripp'd of all its verd'rous pride,
 N  the Year
   Slowly decays, while on the *Northern*
blast,

Bleak horrors rise, and all deform the world.

K

No

No more soft *Pleasure* smoothes the night's dark
brow,

And cheers the wakeful soul ; no spicy gales
Breath fragrant odours o'er the flow'ry field,
And murmur musick thro' the waving grove :
No lonely *Philomela* tunes her voice,
And sings melodious in the secret shade :
No more the *Lovers* seek their gladfom walks,
But look, and shudder at the varied scene :
For, all around, sad *Winter* chills the air,
And hills, and plains present one dreary waste.

Now from the wat'ry vale gray mists ascend,
And roll, and thicken to the neighb'ring skies ;
Amid the foggy cloud the stars are lost,
The prospects vanish, and a formless blank,
Wide-spreading, veils the whole creation round :
The

The wand'ring *Wretch*, uncertain of his road,
 In terror walks, and, all his caution vain,
 With sudden ruin sinks affrighted down,
 And in the silent water dies: then boist'rous gales
 Burst from their latent caves, and clear the air;
 Before the storm the scatt'ring vapour flies,
 And all the roughen'd currents fiercely rave;
 But, e'er the midnight's gloom, its rage declines,
 And all the waves are still: when, freezing fast,
 The harden'd earth is crufted o'er with ice,
 And fetter'd ev'ry stream, while hoary frosts,
 Descending, silver o'er the dusky green,
 And cloath, with gelid down, the nodding trees,
 'Till the broad sun ascends the wint'ry sky,
 And, by degrees, dissolves the frozen dew.

Again the night returns, and *Eastern* winds,
 Deep-sounding, roll the pond'rous clouds along,

And furious drive an intermingled show'r
 Of hail, and snow, and rain tempestuous down;
 Freezing it falls, and, from the stiffen'd boughs,
 In icy drops, and pendent chrystal, hangs.
 The earth's dark realms are glaz'd, and hills, and
 plains,

Beneath the driving mist, are wholly lost.
 Then, all o'er labour'd on some craggy height
 Projecting dreadful o'er the raging deep,
 The darksome *Pilgrim* clings to ev'ry shrub,
 And hears amaz'd the billows break below,
 With ceaseless fury on its trembling base :
 At length up-torn, before the vengful blast,
 The rock's rough brow gives way, and, fractur'd
 wide,

With huge destruction tumbles from on high,
 And plunges fiercely in the foaming brine ;
 Crush'd in the fall the luckless *Wretch* expires,
And

And on his mangled limbs the scaly monsters feed.

Mean time, loud-roaring from the heights above,
The gushing torrents force their downward way,
And in a gen'ral deluge drive along ;
Now with a circling sweep in eddies foam,
And wheel, and bellow by the rocky shores ;
Then, madly furious, o'er the bending cliff,
With all their mingled load of floating trees,
And ruin'd cots, precipitate their rage,
And, in a burst of muddy waters, plunge
Amid the whirlings of the giddy waves.

Thus where, athwart a ridge of broken rocks,
The rapid, sea-wide * *Niagara* falls,
With head-long haste it hurries down the steep,

* A River in *North-America*.

As

As from a mountain's brow, and, raving loud,
 For ever thunders in the depths below ;
 A rising mist hangs o'er the frothy gulph,
 And horrid whirlpools rage along the shore,
 All white with boiling foam for many a league.

Now all the burthen'd clouds their fleecy load
 Discharge; the forest bends beneath the weight,
 And all the plains in rising drifts are lost :
 The whit'ning hills gleam faintly to the skies,
 And, floating silent thro' the lightforn meads,
 The wide'ning torrent slowly rolls along.
 Eas'd of their freight, at last the dusky clouds
 Unveil the heav'ns, and free the lab'ring air :
 The waning moon appears with feeble ray,
 And o'er the wint'ry waste remotely shines.

This is the time for such whose active souls
 Explore the twinkling glories of the sky ;
 This

This is the time for such t' ascend in thought,
 And travel o'er the vast immense; to chase
 The swiftest meteors with an equal wing,
 And measure out the comet's vengful blaze;
 T' examine all the wand'ring stars that roll
 Around the sun, the fountain of their beams!
 To ken, ev'n their attendant orbs, and watch
 Their various motions, and their changing rays;
 To sail, thro' seas of fluid light, and search
 The crouded splendours of the milky way:
 To tow'r yet upwards, and be lost amid
 New stars, and suns, and worlds, as yet unknown,
 That fill the boundless space, and prove the pow'r
 Of an *Almighty* hand, thro' all the heavenly frame:
 For then serenely pure the air's refin'd,
 And gives the smallest spark its turn to shine;
 Then, doubly fulgent, all the starry globes

Exert

Exert their radiance o'er the heavenly blue,
And all the wide expansion flames with light.

But, where the huge *Metropolis* extends
Her cloudy skirts, and restless mortals toil
For wealth, and honour, be my wish'd abode,
Far from the snowy field, the icy flood,
And all the rigour of the blust'ring winds :
There let me think o'er all the scenes of life,
And learn mankind ; or when dark night ascends,
And wreaths black vapours round th' aerial spires,
Alone, retir'd from all the busy world,
Let me attend the melancholy sound,
Of fun'ral bells, and view the pomp of *Death*
Slow-moving onward to th' expecting grave :
That, when the *Tyrant* bends his dreadful bow,
And threat'ning aims at me his mortal dart,
I undisturb'd may bow submissive down,

And

And bless the friendly stroke :—but frail mankind
 Would vainly boast to stand his dreaded pow'r,
 Serene, or, with untrembling heart, survey
 The awful prospect of retreating life.
 For, while the soul's imprison'd here below,
 And shares the frailties of this earthly mould,
 Her firmest thought with ev'ry trifle veers,
 And all her reasonings turn to ev'ry gale :
 Fond of *Content* we range this worldly maze,
 And court the gay delights of ev'ry scene ;
 Yet own the *Goddeſs* flies the eager chace,
 Nor deigns to fix at the imagin'd goal :
 Now, charm'd with rural joys, she seems to roam
 In lonely shades, and all concealing night ;
 But, e'er the vain pursuers can arrive,
 She waves her wanton wings, and fleets away :
 Thence, thro' the hurry of the world she roves,
 And gilds, with transient glance, the tempting scene ;

In vain we follow still the flying *Good*,
 And wish, and struggle to possess her charms ;
 'Till, too sublime, the fair deceiver soars,
 And in the clouds is ever, ever lost.

Now horrid night arising shadowy glooms
 The *Northern* skies, and, o'er sad *Greenland's* coast
 For half the year, continual darkness spreads :
 No friendly dawn the dreary landscape knows,
 Nor print of human feet, but sable clouds,
 In black-brow'd volumes, hang for ever round ;
 And beasts of rapine, with incessant yell,
 Haunt the dread circuit of the hideous void.

Mean time dire *Winter* rules the frozen air,
 And rides, in whirlwinds, thro' the low'ring sky :
 From the bleak hills sweeps off the drifted snows,
 And drives his horrors o'er the wastful plain :

Then

Then adverse gales embroil the furling waves,
 And all the mountains of *Chrystalline* ice,
 (The mighty labour of unnumber'd years!)
 To furious combat rush, and crack, and rage
 Amid the boiling deep: huge ruins fall,
 As with an earthquake shatter'd from on high,
 And, loudly thund'ring down the rugged steep,
 Crush, with a mountain's weight, the rocks below:
 Th' afflicted shores resound, the ocean raves,
 And all its monsters tremble at the roar:
 Ev'n whales, immensely huge, like cluster'd *Isles*,
 Float from the din, and, with enormous gait,
 Wall'wing unwieldy, stem the wrathful surge,
 And doubly tempest the outrageous main;
 Press'd with their monst'rous bulk it groans beneath,
 And vainly struggles with th' o'erwhelming load;
 While, to the clouds, they spout the whiten'd wave,
 And sink the ebbing waters from their shore.

Hence, e'er the sun fulfils his latest rounds,
 And wheels his circles on the earth's cold verge;
 The gladfom *Ships* depart to warmer climes;
 While, lone, forsaken on the desert strand,
 Some hapless *Seaman* views with eyes aghast,
 And stupid horror, all the less'ning fails;
 'Till gone, for ever gone, the happy fleet
 Ploughs o'er remoter waves: then, all forlorn,
 And frantick with despair, he beats his breast,
 And vainly mourns his miserable fate,
 As down the skies, the day-light hasts again,
 And long, long night, and rig'rous colds succeed.
 At last dire hunger, and the chilling blast
 Sink the sad *Wand'rer* on the snowy ground;
 And e'er kind *Death* can seal his closing eyes,
 The bears, and wolves (an horrid train!) descend,
 And join fierce battels o'er the prostrate *Wretch*,
And

And rend, and tear his crackling limbs by turns :
 'Till the sad soul, affrighted flies away,
 And scatter'd on the waste his bones remain
 A dreadful prospect to returning *Fleets*.

Now view the *Baltick* main oppress'd with
 heaps
 Of thick-ribb'd ice, and chain'd, from shore to shore,
 Beneath the pond'rous load—Hark! from below,
 Th' indignant billows murmur for release,
 And heave, and labour with the weight in vain.
 —But lo! the night ascends, and *Southern* gales,
 All gloomy, drive the misty rains along,
 And, by degrees, dissolve the mighty frame :
 Thro' the dun air behold yon dreadful *Swedes*
 In haste returning, laden with the spoils
 Of wasted *Realms*, along the dang'rous wild ;
 Unhappy *Men*! how fruitless all their toil

And

And plunder prove? their footing melts amain,
 And e'er they can approach the cloudy coast,
 The massy ruins, broken all around,
 Like thunder echo'd in a thousand hills,
 Burst from the shore, and, with a dreadful crash,
 Divide the rocky fragments o'er the foaming waves ;
 The foaming waves, exulting, and at large,
 Rave with mad fury round the floating isles,
 And drive them fiercely to the trembling shores ;
 Loud sounds the shock, and all the neighb'ring
 lands,
 Astonish'd, to their deep foundations shake :
 While, struck with horror, at th' amazing scene,
 The frighted *Wretches* sink despairing down,
 And in the vast, the loud confusion dye.

Mean time the *Sons of Grandeur* crown the bowl,
 And laugh, and frolick 'till the morning's dawn ;
Or,

Or, in th' expensive feast, and frolick dance,
 Enjoy the smiling hours: then wrapp'd, in down,
 Sleep the cold length of tardy night away;
 Nor dream the sorrows which the luckless feel,
 Dark-roaming thro' the melancholy gloom,
 And beg a shelter from the blast in vain :
 With harden'd hearts the living bar their doors,
 And all relief deny: the silent dead
 Are only kind; so in the dreary vault,
 On heaps of mould'ring bones, they seek repose,
 And bless the friendly shade. Ye heav'nly pow'rs,
 If riches e'er must gild my future days,
 And thirst of more should with my wealth increase;
 Far, far away the baneful gift remove ;
 For, when the *Man* who brooded o'er his gold,
 And idoliz'd the heap, or, he whose soul,
 Intent on sensual joy, refus'd to give
 The smallest bounty to the *Wretch* in want ;

When

When such with dire diseases waste away,
 And *Death* approaching stares 'em in the face ;
 What pangs ! what tortures rack the lab'ring mind,
 And shoot their horrors cold thro' ev'ry limb !
 To them the night presents a dismal shade,
 And guilt, and fear prolong the lazy hours ;
 Then rising *Spettres* with a dreadful glare,
 Tremendous stalk amidst the redd'ning gloom,
 And furious toss their burning brands on high ;
 Or, round the restless couch, (a ghastly throng !)
 Yell hideous, and with icy hand prepare
 To bind the *Sinner* in eternal chains :
 While owls obscene, portentous scream aloud,
 And ev'ry gale, and ev'ry midnight sound,
 Rings awful as the horrid call of *Death*.
 So, e'er the morning light, despairing heav'n,
 And, laden with her crimes, the soul departs,

And

And waiting *Demons* seize the guilty freight,
 And howl exulting thro' the dusky air.

But he who groans beneath the rage of fate,
 Perplex'd with want, and stung with daily woes ;
 Yet freely proffers, with a lib'ral hand,
 To wretched *Lazars* suitable relief,
 And spends, in friendly offices, his days ;
 If he, (mean *Tenant* of an humble roof,
 Low-seated on a rapid river's brink,
 When tardy winter shakes his frozen wings
 Prepar'd to journey thro' the skies away,
 And blust'rous night hangs horrid in the clouds :)
 If he attentive hears the rains descend,
 And the rough torrent, charg'd with roaring ice,
 Down-rushing furious to the ocean-wave ;
 If the loud winds blow stormy round his head,
 And the huge billows, bursting o'er their banks,

M

Deluge

Deluge the meads with one resistless flood,
 And sweep his dwelling in their rage away :
 Serenely firm, in all that whirl of *Death*,
 His constant soul, without a murmur, leaves
 The sinking corse, and tow'rs aloft to heav'n.

F I N I S.



BOOKS Written by the Author,
and Printed for W. MEA-
DOWS at the *Angel* in Corn-
hill; and S. BILLINGSLEY at
the *Judge's-Head* in Chancery-
Lane.

I. **Z**EUMA : Or the LOVE of
LIBERTY. A Poem. In
Three Books.

*Ecce Parens verus Patriæ, dignissimus Aris,
Roma, tuis! —————* LUCAN.

The *Love* of *Liberty* with Life is giv'n,
And Life it self the inferiour Gift of Heav'n.
DRYDEN.

II. The MUSES' *Address* to the King :
An Ode.

————— Carmina possumus
Donare &c. ————— HOR. ad AUGUST.

*This neglect of rhyme so little is be taken for a
defect; (tho' it may seem so perhaps to vulgar rea-
ders) that it rather is to be esteem'd an example of
ancient liberty, recover'd from the troublesome and
modern bondage of rhiming.* MILTON.

Speedily

Speedily will be Publish'd by the same
AUTHOR.

I. **T**EMPERANCE : In Two
Cantos. From *Spencer's Fairy*
Queen.

II. MYROR : Or the VISION.

III. The TEMPEST.

